52,
Tavistock Square,
W.C.1.
Telephone : Museum 2621.

March 21st

Oh dear I forgot to post this again — too many people — my dear Dadie for 2 hours made me all in a rush. You'll like to hear. Your nice ~~letter~~ letter all about Burlington Bertie has just come. How we roared! And the psychologist on your pantoum — I loved how well that without going out a franc on the ~~wife~~ :

But here is my business: about the MS. I don't know what Pippa Stackey has done. I'll ask her & write & let you know. Sibyl, in her great kindness, went to an expert, about the MS of that. That MS. Fleck: & the expert says that it's worth £1,000 — ! I doubt it. But I'll write as soon as I also: can hear.

you give us any private information
about a woman called
Ivy (I think) Davison? She's
said to be an old friend of yours,
wants a job, & may be
coming to see us about the Press.
Please give me at this bother.
Your friend Scaife, he'll take him;
is coming.

So farewell
I write soon.

V.

NYPL

HANILL & BARKER 2/5/62

Monks Horne,
April 1st 1933
(Fools day)

I had a very nice letter from you the other morning, written from top of a mountain, where all the streams run backwards. I deserved it, because while you were seeing the streams, I was seeing Mr. Scaife. No SCAIFE
I don't think I altogether like Mr Scaife. He's a blotchy looking tow headed man, who tells stories about his dog's tricks. However he seemed consumed with admiration for you & Harold, & didn't stay long. He seemed to have an idea that I should write a life of my father. Good God!

This is the month in which you'll come back. That will be very nice I admit. You'll find any number of ~~the~~ flowers out — There were 7 days like June, & by looking steadily even in Tamarisk Square, one could see little green frills coming out of black iron boughs. This

is a fact. Now its blowing a white wind over the downs, – d'ye remember how white the fields get about this time? We've been walking over the downs, & then we came in & turned on the loud speaker, heard Cambridge beat Oxford – the boat race. I lost 6d to Leonard. and the night before we dined at a Club & met 2 diplomats, called Atherton, Americans, who said they more or less knew you. Lord! I'm glad I voted [illegible] the Embassy, whatever you call it. Quite nice, both of them, but like tin, biscuit tin. Simply shiny. Got no positive fault to be found. I mean they both seemed very nice people, only intelligent, & the poor man, who was stuck as a [illegible] front, merely brushed his eyes over me, as if I were some most lovable Negress, Potto, were pebbles at the bottom of a river. How I wish any Museum would abide! Ah – meeting Ronald Patricia, I can't any longer pretend, even at midnight when I dream of things I should like to do, that I went to overhear the Royal family at dinner. Very little therefore remains.

I am going to be painted, stark naked.

by a woman called Ethel Walker who says I am the image of Lilith. She has a rough raddled charm, is something like Phil may to look at, has 3 fox terriers, one blind & the right eye, & lives, eats, sleeps, drinks I should say, in one room overlooking the river- Jovans about the practically in at the window. Vast lorries full of tin cans So by — to Rat Island — d'ye remember seeing the docks tins when we went to the Docks? She is 73 — that — is the only thing against her; & has lived a regular herring fisher's life, which as you know, I love. And I have been to dine with Lady Rhondda, because I liked so much her story of how she swam under water when the Lusitania sank. Why do none of these adventures ever happen to me? But dont take the hint & let them happen to you. No please let this be your last adventure. You cant, as you say. So much further away. Keep a globe in your room at first: & into your tracks, & then when anyone says anything, you can say But there nothing I haven't seen: which is true: & then settle in your studio. & preserve the woods, & ride a white horse. & breed dogs, & have me to stay. & write poetry.

We have just passed our publishing season, but nothing has sold violently well. Do you ever read a book in the train? If so, get Livingstone, our manly novel.

Why do they say Italian's Easy? Bianca tears her hair because I get my subjunctives wrong & then there are those damned possessive pronouns. Now I must put our dinner to cook; oh why don't you swoop down the road, & draw up at the gate, with a great washing basket full of figs, as you once did, when your mother loved me. I sent me a bottle of vermouth!

So goodbye -

V.

Do do please write us another book as soon as ever you can.

Monks House
Wednesday

I say this is grabby!
You're back — Thank the
Lord my portfolio is in the
fishmonger's again! But
when shall I see her?
We are here (Lewes 385)
till Sunday afternoon. Then
London for 10 days. Then
Italy. Could you ring
up — don't tell me you've
changed your voice too —
suggest any time, which I'll

keep even if it means murder.

Ah but you've missed
the spring of one thousand
years. all gone now.
But we sat & toasted —
brown as berries —
lovelier than any recent
season with roses
Brett in the bazaar

now you must
attend to your
world. Lord how
I envy you the
pink tower of all
America

Love & Carfabulations from
us both to Harold.

Keep even if it means murder.

Ah but you've missed
the spring of one thousand
years. all gone now.
But we sat & roasted —
brown as berries —
lovelier than any present
season with roses &
Brett into the bargain
5

Now you must
attend to your
world. Lord how
I envy you the
pink tower of it all
America!

Love & Congratulations from
us both to Havord.

NYPL

52 T. S. Tuesday
April 25-19 33

Well, Victoria West, here's your horrid
little post card.
What I say is come & dine
then next Friday? Can you?
Early I should like to see you
alone a bit — Could you
come early? Would another
time suit better?

I rang you up, ask for the
sound of your lonely dim voice,
like a bird ~~the~~ piping thro'
a hawthorn hedge; but heard
only buzz buzz buzz.
Ring me up. Dearest Porpoise
West. A day when the shops
Law hem ain't pink again!

V.

he crossed the Abyssinian today

SPONTORNO
Spontorno
Italy. May 20th 1933

This is a strictly business letter (only Thackeray to be telling, Nancy drank more than my half bottle last night)

1) Would it suit you if we came over to lunch (about 1.30) on Sunday, 28th ~~May~~ to fetch Pinka? — not. I mean to see you, but to fetch Pinka. Would you send a card to Monks House, which I daresay we shall reach on Friday, to say if yes. if no.

2) Oh Joe I suppose Landor the thing I wrote I'd ask you. You know Lyn ~~Irvine~~ IRVINE Irvine! with this in the rock, as it called — as Thrunk shrunk as a wrung wrung rag — no money — love. I think love; not a penny to pay for her watched herring. So I said I'd ask you

I've could find any possible theory for
certain gay/kind in America. She knows
all about Eng. lit. But tells me this —
only do remember — if I see you. I forgot.

Yes. I am hag dazed with travelling. So many
cities have I seen, & smelt: how its the
waves breaking, & the scent of stocks
in the garden — & there is very likely a
nightingale, & frogs. But all this you know —
& you'm heard FROGGIER froggier frogs in the Rockies:
Everything I say in future will be three
diminished. Oh Lord I should like to see you
without 20. thousand interruptions: Even
so brown checked red nosed & allegetic
dusty shaggy shabby — what a state my
clothes are in — even I rather hesitate to
wear them — for me lunch in the fields,
under olives. all ham, & its my duty to
wash up, which affects my clothes — so how
ass are we to lunch at Sirs. which is
so fashionable? And why did Cynthia M.
die? And how are you? writing? Poems?
I'm tipsy V.

HAMILL & BARKER 2/5/62